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**MOTHER...
IN POETRY
AND SONG.**





GEORGE W. NIMS.

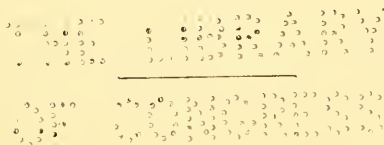
Mother in Poetry and Song

—BY—

GEORGE WASHINGTON NIMS,

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Author of "The Declining Village," "A Keepsake More Precious Than
Klondike Gold," "Golden Lines of Wisdom for the Young," "Uncle
Reuben's Adventures Abroad," "The Deserted Farm," "Forsaken
by the World," "The Nineteenth Century," "Sweetheart and
Bride in Poetry and Song," "Nims's Humorous Epitaphs,"
"Human Nature in Public and Private Life," "The
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WHEN MOTHER DEAR IS GROWING OLD.

When mother dear is growing old
Too kind you cannot be,
When in the winter time of life
Your dearest friend you see ;
When her fair locks are turning gray,
And feeble grows her gait,
Then, through your care, your love reveal,
Ere it shall be too late.

Though you should o'er this wide world roam,
You'll never find a friend
Like her, a helping hand for you
So ready to extend ;
A friend so willing to forgive
Your weaknesses in life,
When the cold world is ready to
Your fame and honor knife.

Who can for helpless infancy
Like a fond mother feel ?
Or, at the shrine of tenderness
With love so often kneel ?
So, don't forget that you to her
Too good can ever be,
While it shall be your happy lot
Her sunny face to see.

When winding furrows on her brow
You can distinctly trace,
And never-failing signs of age
Upon her saintly face ;
Then, by your kindnesses show her
How grateful you can be,
By treating her as she did you
When rocking on her knee.

Her counsels wise, oh ! kindly heed,
 And let them be to you
 As beacon lights, life's changing scenes
 To guide you safely through ;
 For, if you spurn her kind advice,
 Much trouble you may see,
 And, with the wise and good, to dwell,
 Your lot will never be.

For all her goodly deeds do not
 Forget to grateful be,
 For you, another friend like her,
 On earth will never see ;
 So cheerfully upon her wait
 In her declining days,
 Remembering that, what'er you do
 For mother, always pays.

THE PLEDGE I VOWED BY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

To-day, I'm thinking of the pledge I vowed,
 When kneeling by my dear old mother's grave
 Long years ago, when health and friends had flown,
 And I no longer cared my life to save ;
 When, after many years, I kneel again
 Beside a little mound, to memory dear,
 While birds so sweetly sing, and flowers bloom,
 And kindred spirits seem to hover near.

REFRAIN —

To-day, I'm thinking of those misspent hours,
 When dissipation naught but misery gave ;
 Of the fond pledge I signed, long years ago,
 When kneeling by my dear old mother's grave,

Beside the resting-place of one so true,
How sweet it seems once more to linger here !
Now I recall the ne'er unbroken vow
That daily grows more sweet, more fond and dear, —
Which saved me from a drunkard's cruel grave,
And taught me how to shun the downward way—
The dear, redeeming pledge that early bade
My wayward feet in honor's paths to stray.

Though mother dear I never more shall see,
Till in some fairer clime we meet again ;
Still, I delight to think when kneeling here,
Her wayward son will cause her no more pain ;
That I have kept through sunshine and through storm
The pledge I vowed — the dearest to my heart —
When kneeling by my dear old mother's grave,
That never'll from my recollection part.

So come what may, while I can visit here,
And strew the charms of summer o'er its sod,
I'll never cease to treasure with delight,
The vow I made between me and my God ;
When a poor wreck, forsaken by the world,
I strove again life's waning light to save —
The pledge that freed me from despair, I vowed
When kneeling by my dear old mother's grave.

THE DEBT I OWE TO MOTHER.

By living as she taught me too
In childhood's days of yore ;
By walking in the steps of those
Who love and truth adore ;
I may, in part, redeem the debt
Of gratitude I owe
To her, whose sweet and loving heart
Doth seeds of kindness sow.

By cherishing ideals that tell
For goodness, faith and right ;
By laboring in behalf of truth
With vigor, zeal and might ;
By shunning dissipation's hells,
And aught that can degrade ;
By marching in the ranks of those
Who evils dare upbraid.

If I in God and justice trust,
And on corruption frown ;
If I refuse to backbite those
Who have, in life, come down ;
If I to sunless hearts good cheer
Shall bring, to drive away
Their gloomy thoughts, and bid them with
The bright and cheerful stay.

If I think thoughts that elevate,
Instruct, uplift, endear ;
If I shall worthy deeds perform
That benefit and cheer ;
If I her golden lessons prize,
And with the just abide ;
If I humility revere,
And frown on godless pride.

By living so that I may oft
My fellow beings bless ;
If I shall be a follower
Of faithful righteousness ;
If I its precepts daily heed,
And shun the haunts of sin ;
If I the trophies of the good
Shall daily strive to win.

By never injuring enemies,
But praying for their good ;

By noble deeds, and acting as
The wise and righteous should ;
If I good company shall keep,
And to act nobly try ;
If, when my earthly race is run,
I am prepared to die.

YOU'LL THINK OF IT WHEN MOTHER'S
DEAD AND GONE.

To-night, while sitting by our old fireside,
Within the cottage of our joy and pride,
My boy ! your book lay down, and listen to
A mother's kind advice, so tried and true ;
To-night, remember every word you hear,
When on the hearth the embers burn so clear ;
Should you bad habits form that bring disgrace,
Which bathe with tears a mother's saintly face ;
Though in a mansion or a cottage born,
You'll think of it when mother's dead and gone.

Remember, oh ! remember what I say,
And ne'er forget, I humbly plead and pray ;
Should you unkindly act, or worry me,
Or carelessly forget my humble plea ;
Or cause me oft to suffer, through neglect,
And in your heart encourage disrespect ;
Should you ill-treat your dearest friend, my boy !
Or recklessly her peace of mind annoy ;
Though in a mansion or a cottage born,
You'll think of it when mother's dead and gone.

In life, though bright or drear may be your lot,
What mother says should never be forgot ;
So from ill-treatment and abuse refrain,

And never cause her needless woe and pain ;
Though wander where you may, on land or sea,
A friend, so true, you'll never find, as me ;
So if I plead in vain with you to-night,
And you forget to use dear mother right ;
Though in a mansion or a cottage born,
You'll think of it when mother's dead and gone.

COUPLETS.

As a kind mother's heart, what can so tender be ?
Or what so valuable to helpless infancy ?

Maternal love, how faithful, pure and sweet !
To infancy and childhood, what a treat !

Who would blot out the name of mother from his
memory,
The mountain peaks of righteousness may never
hope to see.

SHOULD I UNKINDLY ACT TOWARD HER.

Should I unkindly act toward her, oh ! then
May I more trouble see ;
If I ill-treat the dearest friend of all,
Who did so much for me ;
If I shall act ungratefully toward her
Who for my interests cares,
Oh ! then may I soon share the dreary lot
Of one who roughly fares.

Should I neglect, in her old age, a friend
So good, so just and wise ;
If I shall love to vex or harm, or fail

Her counseling to prize ;
If, through my actions, I shall bring disgrace
To cause her heart to grieve,
The pleasing haunts of peace and plenty, may
I then be forced to leave.

Should I of her advice no notice take,
Or act abusively ;
If I shall ever choose to basely live,
Or from the upright flee ;
If I am wayward, and, refuse for her
At goodness' shrine to kneel ;
If I at gratitude shall sneer, may I
The lash of justice feel.

I LOVE TO THINK THAT I WAS KIND TO HER.

To-night, as I recall my childhood's days,
When I so sweetly sang its welcome lays,
When through the flowery fields I loved to roam,
Where sunshine cheers, and pleasure seemed at home ;
When rosy health and plenty sweetly smiled,
And I, with playmates dear, my leisure whiled
Amidst the charms of nature, bright and fair,
And I so loved to frolic, do and dare ;
I love to think that I was kind to her.

CHORUS :

To-night, as I recall my childhood's days,
When I so sweetly sang its charming lays ;
As back, on fancy's wings, sweet seasons fly,
That never'll from my recollection die ;
As I of childhood's trials think again,
Of tribulations, sickness, care and pain ;
As I think of a mother's tender care,

When I knew what it was to richly fare ;
I love to think that I was kind to her.

As back, on fancy's wings, sweet seasons fly,
That never'll from my recollection die ;
As I recall again those merry scenes
When I with pleasure roved o'er summer's greens ;
As I think of a mother's tender care,
When I knew what it was to kindly fare ;
As I, in thought, live o'er those jocund days,
When peace and happiness with childhood strays ;
I love to think that I was kind to her.

When on the darksome side of life I dwelt,
And at the feet of pain and sickness knelt ;
When disappointments came to worry me,
And I the clouds of trouble used to see ;
When I of suffering had more than my share,
And I to wrongly act would sometimes dare ;
When trials dimmed the joys that once were mine,
And o'er my lot I often would repine ;
I love to think that I was kind to her.

COUPLETS.

The name of " mother," love and venerate,
If you would welcome be at goodness' gate.

The faithful mother ne'er forsakes a child,
However wayward or however wild.

Lo, those who nobly labor to do good,
Have always friendly been to motherhood.

To a good mother who can be too kind ?
Or love like hers in others hope to find ?

The name of " mother " who could e'er forget,
That is to love and gratitude in debt ?

CAN I HER HALLOWED NAME FORGET ?

So long as I the truth revere,
And I can shed affection's tear ;
So long as I love what is good,
And daily act as kindness would ;
Can I her hallowed name forget ?

So long as I for justice stand,
And I belong to honor's band ;
So long as I applaud the wise,
And worth and virtue highly prize ;
Can I her hallowed name forget ?

So long as I iniquity
Abhor, and rather bless than jaw ;
So long as I for others feel,
And at the shrine of goodness kneel ;
Can I her hallowed name forget ?

So long as I would not ensnare
The innocent, or lure the fair,
So long as I love freedom's cause ;
And gladly mind its righteous laws ;
Can I her hallowed name forget ?

So long as I believe in God,
And I to error dread to nod ;
So long as I desire to be
A hater of iniquity ;
Can I her hallowed name forget ?

So long as I would worthy live,
And not to sin my honor give ;
So long as I, in progress see,
A power that battles bigotry ;
Can I her hallowed name forget ?

MOTHER IN POETRY AND SONG.

So long as I compassionate
 Would be, and acts of meanness hate ;
 So long as I with mercy side,
 And with the kindly-hearted bide ;
 Can I her hallowed name forget ?

So long as I would tolerant be
 Toward those who with me disagree ;
 So long as I aspire to grow
 In grace, and more of piety know ;
 Can I her hallowed name forget ?

So long as I fair play esteem,
 And in my heart good wishes teem ;
 So long as I bad habits shun,
 And of the good would ne'er make fun ;
 Can I her hallowed name forget ?

So long as I injustice chide,
 And dwell far from the gates of pride ;
 So long as vanity I spurn,
 And lessons, wise, would daily learn ;
 Can I her hallowed name forget ?

COUPLETS.

Of her, who bore you, never lightly speak,
 If you the good will of the righteous seek.

Not every goodly mother worships gold,
 Or longs to be a member of its fold.

Who can, like a fond mother, sympathise ?
 Or deeds of tenderness so highly prize ?

LINES.

One's faults, who like a mother can forgive ?
 A faithful mother is a priceless jewel.

BY MOTHER'S GRAVE I LOVE TO MEDITATE.

By mother's grave, I love, in summer time,
To meditate and pray,
And think of one who taught me how to tread
The "straight and narrow way ; "
Who early bade me shun the haunts of sin,
And with the worthy dwell,
So that my daily acts and influence,
For right, should always tell.

I love to think of one so kind and true,
Who for my welfare cared ;
Who took an interest in my hopes and plans,
And in my pleasures shared ;
Of one, whose love was steadfast, pure and sweet,
In darkness and in light ;
Who in behalf of goodness loved to speak,
And stand up for the right.

By her green grave, refreshing thoughts return,
To comfort, bless and cheer ;
To bid me follow in the steps of those
Who, to act manly, fear ;
The hallowed thoughts which bid me nobly live,
And more of kindness know ;
That urge me, night and day, the golden seeds
Of righteousness to sow.

Then her beloved face I see again,
And loving smiles, so sweet,
Which used to charm me so, in by-gone days ;—
That childhood loves to greet ;—
Then soothing words of sympathy, I hear,
That none but mothers give ;
And fervent prayers, in my behalf, that I
Should not ungodly live.

So while I choose to justly walk, and with
The upright love to dwell,
And I shall live so that my words and deeds,
For good, shall plainly tell ;
By her sequestered grave, in summer time,
I'll often meditate,
And think of one so faithful, kind and true,
And ponder o'er my fate.

MY MOTHER'S CHEERING WORDS I HEAR.

When I desire to nobler grow,
And wiser strive to be ;
When I would more of goodness know,
And from bad habits flee,
My mother's cheering words, I hear.

When trials, unforeseen, appear,
To dim the joys of life ;
When I am forced life's ills to fight,
And be in touch with strife,
My mother's cheering words, I hear.

When those I love and cherish so,
From me desire to roam ;
When troubles drive sweet peace away,
And want invades my home,
My mother's cheering words, I hear.

When sad and dreary is my lot,
And I despondent feel ;
When at the shrine of trouble, I
Am often forced to kneel,
My mother's cheering words, I hear.

When I know not which way to turn,
And I of life am tired ;
When with despair I sup, and I
With gloomy thoughts am fired,
My mother's cheering words, I hear.

When enemies would make my life
A dreary one to live,
And those who meanly envy me
Would naught but ill-luck give,
My mother's cheering words, I hear.

When disappointments come to cause
Me to repine and fret,
To mar my wisest plans, on which
My fondest hopes are set,
My mother's cheering words, I hear.

When I long for encouragement,
And from hardships would flee ;
When more of trouble than of peace
It is my lot to see,
My mother's cheering words, I hear.

DEAR MOTHER, THOU ART GROWING OLD.

Dear mother ! thou art growing old,
To-day, I plainly see,
As I, in fancy, roam again
To spend an hour with thee ;
Upon thy brow the furrows beam,
As I their windings trace ;
As I, in contemplation, see
Thy sweet, familiar face.

The frosts of many years of care
Thy locks have whitened well,
While on thy cheeks, the marks of age
Have come at last, to dwell ;
Thy gentle form is bending now,
Thy sight is growing dim,
And in thy gait more feeble grows
The vigor of thy limb ;

But, oh ! the same dear smiles I see,
As in my childhood's days,
When on thy knee I loved to hear,
At eve, thy welcome lays.
Though many a hill and valley lies
Myself and thee between,
My love, as in sweet seasons past,
Is still as fresh and green.

Thy loving voice I hear again,
That bade me not to weep
When pain or trouble came,— the voice
That lulled me oft to sleep.
Though absent long, dear thoughts of thee
Do oft my bosom fill,
And, as the years roll by, they seem
To blossom sweeter still.

CHORUS :

Dear mother ! thou art growing old,
Ere long thy journey'll end ;
Then 'neath fair summer's blooming sod
Will rest my dearest friend ;
Still, though my lot be bright or sad,
I'll often think of thee,
Who loved and nursed me when a babe,
And rocked me on thy knee.

THANKSGIVING DAY WITH MOTHER DEAR.

Back to my childhood's home, to-night,
My thoughts delight to stray,
Where I expect, with mother dear,
To spend Thanksgiving Day ;
For many years have sped, since I,
Her loving face have seen,
And lessons wise, I've learned, since last
I trod my native green.

Far, far away in foreign lands,
It's been my lot to dwell,
Far from the scenes my boyhood knew,
From those I love so well ;
Far from the cot I long to see,
O'er which the ivy strayed ;
Close by the haunts, to memory dear,
Where I in childhood played.

Of one, whose love has ne'er grown cold,
To-night, I love to think,
And, at affection's sacred fount,
My fill of love to drink ;
Now, when my sweetest thoughts of her
Do so refresh my mind,
When by-gone scenes my heart to old
Associations bind.

A friend so dear, I've never found,
So loving and so true,
Who kindnesses in my behalf
Ere loved, so well, to do ;
So, can you wonder why I long
Her gentle voice to hear,
To spend Thanksgiving Day with one
So precious and so dear ?

MOTHER! I'LL OFTEN THINK OF YOU.

My mother dear ! our home to-day
Less pleasing seems to me,
For your sweet face and pleasant smiles
I can no longer see ;
For I have never found a friend
So watchful, kind and true,
Who o'er my pathway loved, so well,
Sweet kindness' seeds to strew.

Though now your form I cannot see,
Your influence I feel,
And ever shall, so long as I
At memory's altars kneel ;
For one I prize and treasure more,
Aye, more than fame or gold ;
For one, who daily dearer seems,
My love can ne'er grow cold.

Your anxious thoughts for my welfare,
And noble deeds, so kind,
As fresh as ever seem, and still
As pleasing to my mind ;
Your counseling I'll ponder oft
That I may wisdom know,
And, from your footprints never stray,
But seeds of goodness sow.

So, mother dear, my prayer shall be
That we may meet again
Where pain and suffering are unknown,
And pleasures never wane ;
So I will bide my time, and wait,
And daily think of you,
My dearest friend, who was on earth
So worthy, kind and true.

DEAR MOTHER! I AM THINKING NOW
OF THEE.

Dear mother ! I am thinking now of thee,
Of one, I dearly love, who'll ever be
To me the noblest of the noble friends,
To mother earth, our heavenly Father sends.

Oh ! I remember well, that sad, sad day
When one, so dear, from me was called away,
The funeral's solemn hour, the new-dug grave,
And sable hearse, that humbles e'en the brave.

Alas ! no artist e'er could sketch or paint
My sorrow for so good and pure a saint,
Whose heavenly soul, angelic seemed to me
On earth, so free from guile, it used to be.

I dreaded so to learn that thou must die,
Beneath fair Nature's blooms to lonely lie,
When golden summer's blossoms sweetly smiled,
And children plucked the roses growing wild.

Can I forget when I upon thy knee,
Long years ago, instruction's self did'st see ?
Forget thy pleasant face and cherished smile,
That could so oft my infant hours beguile ?

Oh, no ! down in my heart they'll never die,
For they are bound with many a tender tie ;
Thy winning looks and kindly ways remain,
Though long beneath the turf thy form has lain.

Oh ! how I mourned when thou wert gone,
How sad I felt ! how lonely and forlorn !
How soon thy tender care I learned to miss,
Thy sweet maternal love and heart-felt kiss !

Whate'er reminded me of thee seemed drear,
But naught, more than thy old arm-chair, so dear ;
Where oft thou gently rocked me on thy knee,
And sang the songs so dear to memory.

I wonder if thou look'st upon me now,
Wishing, with love, to crown my care-worn brow ;
As on this summer's day, I linger here,
Thinking of thee, the friend I most revere.

How I rejoice ! thy soul in glory reigns,
Forever free from trials and from pains,
Where thou the storms of life no more canst feel ;
No more at tribulation's altars kneel.

Methinks thou hear'st me now — all that I say,
All that I think is clear's a cloudless day ;
Though I cannot thy heavenly form espy,
Still, I believe that thou art hovering nigh.

God grant that we may some day meet again
Above this world of pleasure and of pain,
Where love abides ; and friends will part no more,
Far — far away on Heaven's perennial shore.

IF I TAKE MOTHER'S KIND ADVICE.

If I take mother's kind advice,
It may be best for me,
If I do as she taught me to
When sitting on her knee.

If I take mother's kind advice,
I'll shun the downward way,
That leads to infamy and ruin,
And far from folly stray.

If I take mother's kind advice,
I may much less of woe
And sorrow see, and more of what
Is wise and worthy know.

If I take mother's kind advice,
For others, I shall feel,
And, always with my fellow-men,
Desire to squarely deal.

If I take mother's kind advice,
To God, I shall live near,
And, in the wise and just confide,
And to act basely, fear.

If I take mother's kind advice,
I often shall do good
E'en to my enemies, and act
As love and mercy would.

If I take mother's kind advice,
I'll dwell on the safe side,
And tread the paths of righteousness,
And with the good abide,

If I take mother's kind advice,
To sin, I'll be a foe ;
And, to corrupt my fellow-men,
Its seeds refuse to sow.

If I take mother's kind advice,
For enemies, I'll pray,
And never mind nor worry o'er
What idle gossips say.

If I take mother's kind advice,
I'll love to humbly walk,
And Jesus' guidance seek, and, at
The doors of kindness knock,

I'VE NE'ER FORGOTTEN THEE, MY MOTHER
DEAR !

To-night, my mother dear ! I'm sitting in
The cottage, once so dear to thee —
The peaceful cot, so welcome to my heart
When thou wert all this world to me —
And, oh ! what memories return again,
As on thy old arm-chair I gaze ;
What loving smiles come back to comfort me !
What soothing joys of other days !

CHORUS :

While drifting down life's winding stream,
'Tis true, I've ne'er forgotten thee,
My mother dear ! who never wished to cease
To love and care and feel for me ;
Who was the sunshine of my grateful heart
When I in childhood danced and played ;
Ere when the daisies love to sweetly blow,
Thy hallowed form, to rest, was laid.

Oh ! now, what never-dying scenes appear,
As I once more, in fancy see
Within the cottage of my childhood's days
Thy saintly form—so dear to me ;
Thy genial face, that used so oft to smile
As sweetly as the May flowers bloom,
Though now, t'is mouldering 'neath the silent sod,
And daisies smile above thy tomb.

As now, I sit, where once thy gentle voice
So often cheered and solaced me,
What kind advice, and tender words of love,
Now make me yearn again for thee !

For, love and care like thine, I've never found
While drifting down life's winding stream ;
Nor friends so true, so willing to forgive,
However dark my faults might seem.

Though, long ago, I felt the parting kiss
Thou gavest on thy dying bed ;
Though, long ago, I gazed for the last time
Upon thy form, so cold and dead ;
I've ne'er forgotten thee, my mother dear !
So, come what may — it matters not —
While I can often think of one who loved
Me so, thou'lt never be forgot.

WHEN MAY FLOWERS WERE IN BLOOM.

Mother ! when merry blue-birds sing
And sweet May days are here,
When violets charm in gay-green meads
And summer time is near ;
Lo ! then my thoughts to sadness turn
And dreary seem to me,
Because, friends laid thee down to rest
In yonder blooming lea,
When May flowers were in bloom.

Mother ! when balmy breezes softly blow
And children romp and play,
When through the verdant fields I roam,
Or by the woodlands stray ;
What lonely thoughts arise to dim
The joys of spring for me !
Because, friends laid thee down to rest
By yonder blooming lea,
When May flowers were in bloom.

Mother! when brightly shines the sun
On haunts to me so dear,
When orchard, mead and shady glen
In bloom again appear;
Then rosy spring-time's fairest scenes
Least pleasing seem to me,
Because, friends laid thee down to rest
By yonder blooming lea,
When May flowers were in bloom.

Mother! however fair sweet spring,
Alas! it matters not,
For hallowed memories of thee
Can never be forgot;
So sad and touching thoughts I nurse
When Nature's sweets I see,
Because, friends laid thee down to rest
By yonder blooming lea,
When May flowers were in bloom.

THE MANSION ON THE HILL, MOTHER!

Mother! to-day, I visited
The mansion on the hill,
Where you and I, long years ago,
Of sunshine had our fill;
Where love and sweet contentment cheered,
And comfort chose to stay
Through frosty winter's chilly time,
And summer's gladsome day.

I saw once more the drawing-room
Where, with sweet fancy's aid,
Your pleasing form again appeared—
Where I in childhood played —

And golden hours of by-gone days
I seemed to live again,
When I, with playmates tried and true,
So loved to romp and train ;

And, oh ! while 'neath its vine-clad roof
What joys returned to me !
What thoughts came flying back, of one
I never more shall see !
Of you, my mother dear ! so good,
So faithful and so true,
Who with me lived life's rosy hours—
My happy boyhood knew.

Your deeds of love and watchful care,
And chidings, just and wise,
Again fond memory recalled ;—
That I so dearly prize —
And, many a pleasing thought of you
More dear than ever seemed,
As kindly words and noble acts
Before my fancy teemed.

Your gentle voice, I seemed to hear,—
So pleasing and so sweet—
As through its silent rooms I strayed,
With naught but gloom to greet ;
Still, tender words that mothers speak,
Returned, my heart to cheer,
Lo, in the mansion on the hill,
To-day, to me so dear.

The kind advice you gave me there
Has proven a beacon light ;
Ay, ay, when I have tempted been
To wander from the right,

The counselings that were with truth
And justice in accord,
Which bade me learn to justly walk,
And firmly trust in God.

So, to my heart, the mansion on
The hill shall ever be
A sweet remembrancer of you,
I long again to see ;
Whom I shall never cease to prize,
So long as life is mine,
While precious thoughts of you, around
My heart, I love to twine.

IF I HAD TAKEN MOTHER'S GOOD ADVICE.

To-day, my mother dear ! as I review
The story of my life,
When back to me my checkered past returns,
So full of sin and strife ;
As I recall again inglorious deeds
When I wild oats would sow,
How sad I feel ! because my record might
Have different been, I know,
If I had taken your advice.

How keenly I regret my evil ways,
My wild and senseless deeds,
My intercourse with those, whom virtue spurns,
My sowing of foul seeds !
How deeply doth remorse my conscience sting,
Because of what I've done !
When I remember what I might have been—
A good, obedient son,
If I had taken your advice.

As I recall how in low company
I loved to while my time,
How sin and vice I madly wooed with those
Who were in league with crime ;
How sorrowful I feel ! how sad to know,
But for my love of sin and wine
The worthy name I bore in childhood's days,
To-day might still be mine,
If I had taken your advice.

While journeying on life's rough and winding road,
What sad mistakes I've made,
When I, alas ! a wayward course pursued,
Or, far from justice strayed ;
What bitter thoughts appeared, to rack my brain,
To tease and torment me,
That never would — which made my lot in life
To less inviting be —
If I had taken your advice.

While life is mine, I never shall forget
How foolish I have been,
How I, short-sightedly, have wandered with
The vicious and the mean ;
Unto my latest breath, I shall regret
My straying from the right,
Because, a worthy life I might have lived,
That never good names blight,
If I had taken your advice.

JUST ONE MORE KISS, MY MOTHER DEAR !

Just one more kiss, my mother dear !
That I may seem again a child
Upon this lovely summer day
Among the flowers roaming wild ;

Now, when the birds so sweetly sing,
And children love to romp and play
Where Nature's fragrant breezes blow,
To pass life's blissful hours away.

REFRAIN :

Just one more kiss, my mother dear !
That I may seem again a child
Upon this lovely summer day
Among the flowers running wild.

Just one more kiss, my mother dear !
So back to me may speed, O Time !
My childhood's merry days, that I
May see again life's cherished prime ;
Once more, your graceful form to view
Down in our lowly cottage home,
Ere, to the land of endless day,
Your gentle spirit went to roam.

Just one more kiss, my mother dear !
That from my brow the marks of age,
To-day, may vanish from my sight,—
Now, by-gone scenes, my thoughts engage;
So I'll forget I'm growing old
And think that I am young again,
As back to me, fond pleasures rove
Once more, to bid me dance and train.

Just one more kiss, my mother dear !
That care from me may distant roam,
And trials and misfortunes dwell
Far from my humble cottage home;
As I recall the lively hours,
The cheery scenes my childhood knew,
Oh, how I love to think again,
My Mother dear, of home and you !

MY MOTHER DEAR !

My mother dear ! thy memory'll ne'er grow dim,
 Whate'er my future be,
So long as love and gratitude, I prize,
 And I can think of thee ;
For who so deeply for my welfare cared,
 Or would so gladly pray ?
So how can I forget thee, when thy form
 Where stillness reigns, dost lay ?

On the Connecticut, in Westmoreland,
 Thy spirit passed away,
Soaring above New Hampshire's granite hills
 Before the break of day
Toward thy eternal home, to meet again
 Thy loved ones gone before ;
To sing the songs of the redeemed, and be
 With Christ forevermore.

Thy loving deeds and words I oft recall,
 Which would a volume fill ;
Thy heart-felt prayers and helpful thoughts to-day
 Are fresh as ever still ;
For I have never found a friend so true,
 So kind and good to me,
So ready to o'erlook life's weaknesses,
 My mother dear ! as thee.

Still, in my heart, thy golden precepts live
 To guide and comfort me,
To bid me tread the "straight and narrow way"
 That leads to Heaven and thee ;
So, thy fair words of wisdom, I shall heed,
 And long to nobler grow,
And strive to justly live, and cheerfully
 The seeds of goodness sow.

For thy sweet name how can I e'er forget? —
The name I love so well —
That happy days of yore recalls, when we
Together used to dwell;
For who, like thee, didst for my interests care,
Or feel so anxiously
In dark and cheerless hours, or seem so pleased
When all was well with me?

So often from the "better land," so fair,
Oh, mother dear! at me,
Be pleased to look, and pray that I some day,
Its fadeless greens shall see,
When my life-boat no longer calmly sails
Life's rough and stormy sea;
When I have anchored where no partings come,
That I may dwell with thee.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF MOTHER SOUNDS!

How sweet the name of mother sounds!
No matter when or where,
The name I love and venerate
And in its blessings share;
A name by fond affection blest,
By one and all revered;
By every nation, race and tribe —
A name more loved than feared.

REFRAIN:

How sweet the name of mother sounds!
How pleasing to my ear!
The name I love and reverence so,
To me, than gold, more dear.

How sweet the name of mother sounds !
How pleasing to my ear !
The precious name I love so well,
The name so fondly dear;
That oft recalls the joyous past
When I was young and fair,
When in a cot, where sunshine cheered,
I dwelt unknown to care.

How sweet the name of mother sounds !
When I live o'er again
The stirring scenes of long ago,
When I so loved to train;
When I recall sweet words of cheer
So pleasing to my heart,
And loving smiles that never'll from
My recollection part.

How sweet the name of mother sounds
No matter where I roam,
However far I wander from
My childhood's early home;
A name I never shall forget
While I can grateful be,
While I can think of one so true,
So fond and dear to me.

I LOVE TO THINK OF YOUR ADVICE.

I love to think of your advice
When I from right would stray,
When I desire to wander from
The "straight and narrow way ;"
When I'm inclined to shun the paths
That lead to honesty ;
When tempted to unjustly act,
And from the righteous flee.

I love to think of your advice
When trouble cools my joy,
When vexing cares and trials sore
My heart and soul annoy ;
When those I love unfaithful prove,
And sad afflictions would
My happiness bedim, and make
Me wander from the good.

I love to think of your advice
When sin is coercing me
To spurn your counselings — I learned
When sitting on your knee ;
That in its fascinating haunts
Do as I please, I may,
When from a friend, I love so well,
I'm dwelling far away.

I love to think of your advice
When sorrow wounds my heart,
When from the fleeting scenes of earth
The friends, I love, depart ;
When dreary seems my lot in life,
And want appears in sight ;
When disappointments gather fast,
And day is dark as night.

THE NAME OF MOTHER I SHALL LOVE.

So long as I believe in God,
In honor, worth and right ;
So long as I love righteousness,
And foes of justice fight ;
While in my fellow-men, I love
To take an interest ;
While I shall be a shining light,
Or a deserving guest ;
The name of mother I shall love.

So long as I the truth uphold,
Or side with the oppressed ;
So long as I shall justly walk,
Or strive to do my best ;
While I aspire to nobly live,
Or labor to do good ;
While I, for virtue's cause, shall fight,
Or act as wise men would ;
The name of mother I shall love.

So long as I dislike to sin,
Or from the vicious stray ;
So long as I the good revere,
Or for the wayward pray ;
While I am kind to enemies,
Or play a worthy part ;
While I a noble mind admire,
Or laud a kindly heart ;
The name of mother I shall love.

So long as high ideals I woo,
Or lofty aims applaud ;
So long as motives pure, I prize,
Or kneel on goodness' sod ;
While with fair play I love to side,
Or stand by honesty ;
While I, with all, would justly deal,
Or far from meanness flee ;
The name of mother I shall love.

So long as I shall rightly act,
Or wisdom's precepts know ;
So long as I would Jesus please,
Or seeds of kindness sow ;
While I temptations bravely fight,
Or evil habits shun ;
While on unworthiness I frown,
And ne'er of truth make fun ;
The name of mother I shall love.

WHILE YOU THE NAME OF MOTHER,
REVERENCE.

While you the name of mother, reverence,
Be careful how you live,
And, in behalf of sin, oh ! ne'er
Your time and money give.
Resolve that you shall with the upright dwell,
And for the good of all
Be pleased to daily toil, and never at
The feet of baseness fall.

While you the name of mother, reverence,
Be careful what you say,
And, in your dealings with your fellow-men,
From justice never stray ;
And, never toward a foe, when down, desire
To act abusively ;
But, rather walk with those who nobly act,
And from unkindness flee.

While you the name of mother, reverence,
Oh ! heed entreating prayers
If you, life's dangerous pitfalls hope to shun,
Or pass by treacherous snares ;
If on its sunny side, you wish to dwell,
Or with the worthy roam ;
If you would always be an honor to
Your country, God and home.

While you the name of mother, reverence,
Avoid low company,
And with the patrons of unrighteousness
Have no desire to be ;
But on the side of goodness, choose to stand,
And battle for the right ;
And, in behalf of the unfortunate,
Be not ashamed to fight.

While you the name of mother, reverence,
Do not be miserly,
But, on the stage of life, resolve that you
From meanness will be free ;
So, through your generous deeds and kindly words,
You'll not have lived in vain ;
When you reflect, as you pass from this vale
Of sunshine, tears and pain.

While you the name of mother, reverence,
Be willing to obey
The golden precepts of the wise and good,
And ne'er from virtue stray ;
That you may safely tread the paths of life,
And bear a worthy name ;
If you would not your reputation mar,
Nor bring reproach and shame.

IF I COULD LIVE MY LIFE AGAIN.

If I could live my life again,
How different it would be,
If I should mother's precepts heed,
And more of sunshine see ;
Her kind advice would be my light,
My counselor and guide,
When smoothly sailed my ship of life,
Or when most sorely tried.

If I could live my life again,
Her teachings I would mind,
And strive to live, as she desired,
That I might comfort find ;
So I could dwell with happiness,
With sunshine, peace and joy ;
So I, with aught that injures life,
Should be afraid to toy.

If I could live my life again,
I daily would renew
My faith in goodness, right and God,
And to my vows be true ;
Her kindly warnings I would heed,
And shun the " downward way ;"
And from the road that leads to Heaven,
Have no desire to stray.

If I could live my life again,
With vanity and pride,
On friendly terms, I'd never be,
But with the meek abide ;
And not forget her earnest prayers
For one she loved so well,
But make my every word and act
For truth and justice tell.

If I could live my life again,
Lo ! to my fellow-men,
I gladly would do good, and naught
Unworthy wish to pen ;
I'd do as mother taught me to
When I was but a child ;
Ere her fair locks were turning gray —
When she so sweetly smiled.

If I could live my life again,
Resolve I daily would
To nobler grow, and follow in
The footsteps of the good ;
And, as she daily prayed I might,
I would uprightly live ;
And, to the Saviour of mankind,
My heart with pleasure give.

I'LL BRING MY MOTHER BACK AGAIN.

Now, in the home my childhood loved,
It is my lot to be,
Back from the silent past, I'll bring
My mother dear, to me —
The friend so genial to my heart,
So pleasing, kind and true —
And, o'er her old arm-chair, again
Love's sweetest tokens strew.

CHORUS :

Now, in the home my childhood loved,
It is my lot to be,
Back from the silent past, I'll bring
My mother dear, to me ;
To bid me strive to wisely walk
And with the upright dwell ;
To make me prize and reverence more
The friend I love so well.

My mother shall appear again,
As in bright days of yore,
Ere her life-boat had anchored on
The everlasting shore ;
Her sweet maternal smiles again
My lonely heart shall cheer,
As, when she taught me how to pray,
And evil deeds to fear.

Her tender kiss and sweet " Good-night,"
Shall from the past return,
So, in her presence, I again
May useful lessons learn ;

To guide my wandering feet through paths
That lead to righteousness ;
To breed in me a strong desire
My fellow-men to bless.

So, with fond recollection's aid,
I'll bring her back to me,
To make my life more noble seem —
More as it used to be ;
To bid me strive to wisely walk
And with the upright dwell ;
To make me prize and cherish more
The friend I love so well.

MY MOTHER STOOD BY ME.

Long years ago, I wandered from
The home where I was born,
And to a famous city came
In life's unclouded morn ;
When I was innocent and pure,
And beautiful to see ;
When prospects fair, and cheery hopes,
So rosy seemed to me.

In good society I moved,
And, friends — worth having — sought ;
As I proposed to live, as she
Who bore me, wisely taught ;
Respectable I loved to be,
And with the good to dwell ;
So my kind words and deeds, might for
The cause of goodness tell.

Thus, years sped by, till one sad day
A handsome youth, I met,
With whom, I smitten, soon became ;—
Who called me his “ sweet pet ”—
Then I, alas ! seemed to forget
That honeyed words betray,
That charming smiles, for innocence,
A heartless snare can lay.

In touch with folly, I became,
When I my virtue lost ;
When I, through promises to wed,
Was on a cold world tossed ;
When, to man's perfidy, I was
A victim young and fair ;
When, for the honor of my name,
I did no longer care.

When bosom friends, I dearly loved,
Would quickly pass me by,
And old acquaintances, to harm
And trouble me, didst try ;
Lo ! when a callous world desired
To shun my company,
Oh ! then it was — when I was down,
My mother stood by me.

When forced by want, I wandered back
To scenes where I was born,
To tell my tale of woe, ay, when,
So weary and forlorn ;
So, could I live my life again,
Her warnings I would heed,
And, with the good and pure, be pleased
A virtuous life to lead.

MOTHER ! A NEW LEAF I WILL TURN.

Mother ! though I've been wayward long, and your
Advice have failed to heed ;
Though on the husks of sin and foolishness
I long have chose to feed ;
Though, by me, many fruitless years have flown,
And hard has been my lot ;
The hallowed thoughts your memory recalls
Have never been forgot.

Though far from wisdom's cheery paths, I've roamed,
A new leaf, I, to-day
Shall turn ; and to be wise, begin anew,
As I sincerely pray ;
By shunning evil haunts and vile abodes,
Where innocence is bled ;
By straying from the company of those
Who are to honor dead.

To my old home and you, my mother dear !
I shall return again,
Where your kind words and loving smiles —
perchance —
May ease remorseful pain ;
Where, at your feet, upon my bended knees,
Forgiveness I shall ask,
When, in the sunshine of maternal love,
'Twill be my lot to bask.

Because, I long enough have drunk the dregs
Of bitterness and woe ;
Because, in future, I, no more for sin
The seeds of folly'll sow ;

Because, I shall resolve to wiser live
And with the upright dwell ;
Because, alas ! I long enough have been
In misery's cruel hell.

The vow I make to-day, my mother dear !
Oh, may I strictly keep,
And ne'er again in sin's degrading haunts
The tares of folly reap !
But, may I learn to love the good and pure,
And with the virtuous stray ;
And, from the hallowed scenes of my old home,
Ne'er long to stroll away.

So long as I your love and prayers recall,
And I can think of you,
The pledge I vow to-day, I'll never break,
If I'm to goodness true ;
So, come what will, on wisdom's side I'll stand,
And your advice revere,
And, with God's help, I'll daily strive to please
A friend to me so dear.

I THANK YOU FOR THOSE RESOLUTIONS NOW.

I thank you for those resolutions now,
When I life's battles fight,
Ere base temptations made me leave
The honored paths of right ;
The good resolves, so fraught with sense and truth,—
To me so dear to-day —
That bade me emulate the just and wise,
And with the good to stray.

I thank you for those resolutions now,
When evil coaxes me
To travel on the "downward road" that leads
To shameless infamy ;
When bright allurements tempt me to forsake
The haunts of righteousness,
To spurn the wise resolves you bade me form,
My lot in life to bless.

I thank you for those resolutions now —
I love so well to-day —
That urge me to respect my fellow-men,
And for the erring pray ;
That bid me with the noble-hearted stroll,
And seeds of kindness sow ;
That I might goodness love, and always be
To sin, a fearless foe.

I thank you for those resolutions now,
That bade me wisely live,
So I would never to the cause of sin,
My means and honor give ;
So I might walk with those, whose aims are pure,
Uplifting, high and just ;
So I, shall with the virtuous abide,
And in the Saviour trust.

I thank you for those resolutions now,
Though long ago we laid
Your hallowed form away—that never'll from
My recollection fade ;
Though on thy love-protected grave, the storms
Of many years have beat ;
Though, ne'er again, 'twill be my lot to see
Your cheery smiles, so sweet.

OF MOTHER DEAR, I HAD A PLEASANT
DREAM.

Last night, I had a pleasant dream
Of one, I love so well,
With whom, in childhood's happy days,
I was so pleased to dwell ;
Of one, who, as the years roll by,
More precious seems to me —
Whose life was a sweet emblem, dear,
Of spotless purity.

Lo! on the wings of time, I flew,
Back to a wayside cot
That sheltered me when I was young,
When careless was my lot ;
And in my mother's face I gazed,
Intently as of yore,
And listened to her kind advice,
As I had done before.

I heard the ticking of the clock
While sitting on her knee,
While coaxing her to sing again
Some childish song to me ;
While listening to the stories that
My childhood loved to hear,
When love and kindness sweetly smiled,
And I had naught to fear.

I saw her sitting in a chair
I love and treasure more,
As years roll by, and heard her talk
Of One — the good adore ;
And, in the sacred Book of life,
I heard her read again,
Lo, of a golden clime, unknown
To sickness, woe and pain.

Her interest in my welfare, —
So ardent and sincere, —
Recalled a thousand kindnesses
That grateful hearts hold dear ;
As in my dream, her loving care
O'ershadowed me again ;
As I beheld a friend, whose love
For me, did never wane.

To often dream of her, oh, may
It be my happy lot !
Of one, whose kind and tender heart
With love, was richly fraught ;
May visions fair remind me oft
Of one so fondly sweet,
Who, when my journey here is o'er,
I hope again to meet.

WHERE CAN I FIND SO TRUE A FRIEND ?

Where can I find so true a friend,
In cold misfortune's hour,
When I am forced to occupy
Sad tribulation's bower ;
When I, my ship of life am forced
To steer, with compass lost ;
When I, on trouble's boisterous sea,
Am most unkindly tossed ?

Where can I find so true a friend,
When sorrow worries me,
When for loved ones, I sigh and grieve,
And long, in vain, to see ;
When I a confidant desire,
Whose word to truth is wed ;
Who never would, for gold, betray,
But with the righteous tread ?

Where can I find so true a friend,
When I need sympathy,
When chilly feel the searching winds
Of bleak adversity ;
When those, in whom my faith was firm,
Have played the hypocrite,
And, in the halls of righteousness,
Do not deserve to sit ?

Where can I find so true a friend,
Lo, in the hour of need,
Who can for me so deeply feel,
Or so devoutly plead ;
Who, when unwelcome trials come,
So tenderly can talk,
When in the chairs of restlessness
I am obliged to rock ?

Where can I find so true a friend,
Who talks so cheerfully
When on life's wintry side I look,
Or thinks so oft of me ;
When I down-hearted feel, who can
Sunshine so quickly bring,
Or plead so earnestly with me
The lays of hope to sing ?

Where can I find so true a friend,
Who will so faithfully
My secrets keep, or in dark hours
So nobly stand by me ?
No matter where I dwell or roam,
A friend so good and kind,
So faithful when life's trials teem,
I know, I'll never find.

THE NAME OF MOTHER, I SHALL, DEARLY
PRIZE.

The name of mother, I shall dearly prize,
While I love what is good,
Upright and pure, and I desire to live
And act as kindness would ;
While I applaud the deeds of nobleness,
And righteously would walk ;
While in the footsteps of the wise, I love
To run and justly walk.

The name of mother, I shall dearly prize,
While Jesus' name I love ;
While from earth's fleeting scenes, my thoughts
can soar
To God and Heaven above ;
While I, e'en for my enemies would feel,
And pray for one and all ;
While I shall be ashamed, lo, at the feet
Of bigotry to fall.

The name of mother, I shall dearly prize,
While I for others feel,
While at compassion's love-blest altars, fair,
I would with mercy kneel ;
While I the sacred cause of liberty
Shall zealously uphold ;
While I a useful life shall lead, and not
Become a slave to gold.

The name of mother, I shall dearly prize,
While virtue I revere,
While I, the barks of the unfortunate,
To port, would safely steer ;

Lo, while in the neglected and the poor,
I take an interest ;
While toward the friendless I shall kindly act,
And I'm of worth, a guest.

The name of mother, I shall dearly prize,
While I am pleased to play
Upon the stage of life, a worthy part,
Or with the virtuous stray ;
While kindly hearts I love and venerate,
Or shun the miserly ;
While I with those who prey upon the weak,
Have no desire to be.

The name of mother, I shall dearly prize,
While to broad-mindedness
It is my wish to be a steadfast friend,
And forward strive to press ;
While nearer, day by day, to God and truth
My constant aim shall be ;
While I aspire to live a blameless life,
And from injustice flee.

I LOVE TO THINK OF YOU.

When I resolve to nobly live,
And closer walk with God,
And in the rocky fields of sin
Refuse to longer plod ;
When in the dear old Book, I seek
For truth and happiness,
And, like those who for goodness toil,
My fellow-men would bless ;
I love to think of you.

When I admire the beautiful,
And noble deeds revere ;
When I, of virtue, kindly speak,
And, to do wrong, would fear ;
When I would think inspiring thoughts
That cheer and elevate,
And I'm inclined to fairly act,
And knock at justice' gate ;
I love to think of you.

When I would with the humble dine
And honor's highs survey,
And daily frown on those who would
The innocent betray ;
When I, in wisdom's golden tomes,
The gems of knowledge seek,
And I am pleased to kindly treat
The aged and the weak ;
I love to think of you.

When to the victims of disease,
Good cheer, I love to bring,
And pleasing songs of joy and faith
I would, with pleasure, sing ;
When I would friendly act toward those
Who little sunshine see,
And for the betterment of men
Would labor faithfully ;
I love to think of you.

When I, on what is base, look down,
And wish to daily serve
My fellow-men, and from the paths
Of justice never swerve ;
When I, with zeal am wont to pray,
That I shall nobler grow,

And of what's worthy, good and pure,
I more would daily know ;
I love to think of you.

When I would kindly speak to those,
Whose lot in life is drear,
And for the loved ones I have lost,
Would shed affection's tear ;
When on an idle life I frown,
And love to useful be ;
When I with cheerfulness abide,
And woo sobriety ;
I love to think of you.

MOTHER-LOVE.

How pleasing to the young is mother-love !
So loving and so sweet !
So full of sunshine, joy and tenderness —
To childhood such a treat —
So patient, faithful and compassionate —
That goodness so reveres —
So ready for the helpless and the weak,
To shed sweet pity's tears !

Who sacrifices so, in sunless hours,
When cares and trials sore
Bedim the joys and happiness of life,
And trouble's billows roar ?
Who then for childhood feels so tenderly,
Or strives so hard to cheer ?
Who then can talk so soothingly, or seem
So gentle, mild and dear ?

So, wise are they, who can appreciate
The worth of mother-love,
That to the good, the true and lovable,
Is wed, like God above ;
Who never would, to it, ungrateful prove,
But cheer and venerate,
And urge the young to heed its kind reproof,
And never underrate.

So pity those, that ne'er have known the love,
Whose equal none can find —
The love so fond and precious to the young —
To infancy so kind —
That can forgive whom others have disowned,
And plead, when hope has fled ;
The love that pities, soothes and cheers, and is
By God and kindness fed.

I'LL FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE GOOD.

Mother! as you desire, I wish to live,
And promptly learn to mind,
And in my heart, your helpful precepts will
A ready welcome find ;
As I aspire to be a model child,
And wear obedience' hood ;
So, as you bid me to, I'll follow in
The footsteps of the good.

For you have sacrificed so much for me,
And played so kind a part ;
Since I, no friend so dear as you have found,
So pleasing to my heart ;

No friend, who has in sad and trying hours,
By me so firmly stood ;
So, as you oft have prayed, I'll follow in
The footsteps of the good.

Since none, like you, so earnestly have prayed
That I might wisely walk,
And in the chairs of sin and foolishness
Be not inclined to rock ;
Since none have prayed so oft for me to do
As right and honor would ;
So, as you wished me to, I'll follow in
The footsteps of the good.

To me, so kind and faithful you have been,
I never can repay
Your kindness, but, with righteousness and truth
I shall be pleased to stay ;
And live, as you have long preferred me to,
And act as justice would ;
And, as you wished me to, I'll follow in
The footsteps of the good.

TO MOTHER DEAR, SPEAK KINDLY.

To mother dear, you love so well,
With whom you are so pleased to dwell ;
Speak kindly.

To one who loves and cares for you,
And to your interests is true ;
Speak kindly.

To her, to whom you owe your birth—
The noblest friend to you on earth ; —
Speak kindly.

To one whose word is good as gold,
Who ne'er for pelf her honor sold ;
Speak kindly.

To one that is so good to you,
For whom you love to dare and do ;
Speak kindly.

To one you love and cherish so,
Who ne'er to you would be a foe ;
Speak kindly.

To one you love to venerate,
Whom you could never learn to hate ;
Speak kindly.

To one whose good advice you prize,
As those who long in life to rise ;
Speak kindly.

To one whose name so hallowed seems,
Whose heart with love so sweetly teems ;
Speak kindly.

To one that feels so tenderly,
Whose genial smiles you love to see ;
Speak kindly.

To one you never can forget,
Whose like, on earth, you ne'er have met ;
Speak kindly,

To one who nursed your infancy,
And for your weal, made many a plea ;
Speak kindly.

To one whose heart and thoughts are pure,
Who for your sake much can endure ;
Speak kindly.

To one whose mother-love is sweet
And true — whom you so love to greet ;
 Speak kindly.

To one who for the truth would fight
And bravely stand up for the right ;
 Speak kindly.

THEN MOTHER'S GENTLE VOICE I HEAR.

When I aspire to holy live,
 Or long with right to dwell ;
When I for noble living strive
 To have my actions tell ;
 Then mother's gentle voice, I hear.

When I am tempted to do wrong,
 Or act unmanfully ;
When I far from the vicious haunts
 Of sin, resolve to flee ;
 Then mother's gentle voice, I hear.

When I for useful knowledge crave,
 And progress strive to make ;
When I would follow in the steps
 Of one who nobly spake ;
 Then mother's gentle voice, I hear.

When I desire to kindly act,
 Or to humanely feel ;
When I had rather love than hate,
 And anger's wounds would heal ;
 Then mother's gentle voice, I hear.

When generous deeds I would perform,
And feel for those in need ;
When I think less of one who would
A fellow being bleed ;
Then mother's gentle voice, I hear.

When I would friendly be to right,
Or champion fair play ;
When I have vowed that I will not
With base injustice stray ;
Then mother's gentle voice, I hear.

When I, to others, wish no ill,
And for my enemies,
I would not harbor godless spite,
But rather strive to please ;
Then mother's gentle voice, I hear.

When I, for truth, delight to search,
And wiser long to be ;
When I from superstition run,
That I the light may see ;
Then mother's gentle voice, I hear.

When I propose to bravely act,
And worthy aims would woo ;
When for the cause of righteousness
I love to dare and do ;
Then mother's gentle voice, I hear.

When of a future life, I think,
And heavenly thoughts arise ;
When trouble, sorrow, pain and care
My patience sorely tries ;
Then mother's gentle voice, I hear.

CAN SHE A MODEL MOTHER BE ?

Can she a model mother be, who fails
To make her offspring mind ;
Who in the haunts of dissipation seeks
The joys of life to find ;
Who would neglect her babe, to gratify
Her passion for strong drink ;
Who, to please recklessness, is not afraid
To stand on danger's brink ?

Can she a model mother be, so long
As she acts cruelly
Toward those she bore, who, in their tender years,
Require her sympathy ;
So long as she her womanhood o'erlooks,
Or wanders from the right,
Or, on her name disgrace dost bring, or acts
Unseemly in God's sight ?

Can she a model mother be, who, for
The young examples set
Which right and goodness shock — that are in touch
With trouble and regret ;
Who rather sin than please the pure in heart,
Or act becomingly ;
Who rather call on pride and foolishness
Than with the good to be ?

Can she a model mother be, who fails
To do as justice would ;
Who rather play the part of gossiper
Than labor to do good ;
Who to temptation quickly yields, and from
Sweet virtue's paths dost stray ;
Who from life's elevating aims is prone
To wander far away ?

Can she a model mother be, whose thoughts
Are low and grovelling ;
Who, to her sunless home, is not inclined
The joys of peace to bring ;
Who rarely is in touch with cleanliness,
With sense and decency ;
Who seeks the company of those who from
The righteous love to flee ?

Can she a model mother be, indeed,
Who loses self-respect ;
Who feels at home with those, whose wasted lives
Have been by folly wrecked ;
Who rarely bids her young to wisely live,
To think of God and right ;
Who, for the sacred cause of righteousness,
Has no desire to fight ?

YOU'LL NOT SPEAK DISRESPECTFULLY TO MOTHER.

So long as justice you revere
And, to act wickedly, do fear ;
While you would live a righteous life,
And frown on vain and needless strife ;
While you with justice love to side,
And with the noble-minded bide ;
You'll not speak disrespectfully to mother.

So long as you applaud good deeds,
And widely scatter kindness' seeds ;
While you in goodness love to grow,
And more of God and wisdom know ;
While worthy aims you love to woo,
And to pure motives would be true ;
You'll not speak disrespectfully to mother.

So long as you can nobly think,
And at base deeds refuse to wink ;
While you look down on what is low,
And wild oats shall refuse to sow ;
While on life's stage you wish to play
A worthy part from day to day ;
You'll not speak disrespectfully to mother.

So long as you uphold the right,
And for the cause of freedom fight ;
While you would "practice what you preach,"
And, to the young, sound lessons teach ;
While you maternal love esteem,
And, in your mind good thoughts shall beam ;
You'll not speak disrespectfully to mother.

So long as you with honor walk,
And to the mean dislike to talk ;
While high ideals you love to court,
Or sail toward Heaven's eternal port ;
While you wise living's fruit would reap,
And in the beds of virtue sleep ;
You'll not speak disrespectfully to mother.

So long as gratitude to you
Seems dear, and good-behavior too ;
While you desire to thankful be,
And live in touch with honesty ;
While you strive hard to forward press,
And be a friend to righteousness ;
You'll not speak disrespectfully to mother.

COUPLET.

Mothers who train their minds to think,
Less often stand on danger's brink.

BREAK MOTHER'S HEART.

My son, reform ! or you my heart may break,
Unless you do, your habits vile, forsake ;
Awake ! arise ! and on your bended knees,
Resolve that you will list to my just pleas ;
Your sins and faults declare that you will fight,
And, in the future, be a friend to right ;
Of God, forgiveness seek, and a new leaf
Be pleased to turn ; so you may not be deaf,
Lo, to the wise and noble truths of life,
Or wish the promptings to reform to knife.

An erring son no longer wish to be,
But one, I'll never feel ashamed to see ;
To evil thoughts and acts become a foe,
And seeds that tell for goodness love to sow ;
For who, like me, for you dost care or feel,
Or pleads so fervently with you to kneel
At honor's shrine, or longs so much to see
You rightly walk and keep good company ;
Or wishes so to see you daily strive
To worth and righteousness to be alive ?

Now swear that you my kind advice shall heed,
That you no more may cause my heart to bleed ;
But, learn to frown on aught that's mean and low,
And, in the grace of God, desire to grow ;
A useless life no longer wish to live,
Nor, to iniquity, your manhood give ;
Remember what, in youth, I said to you,
And to your solemn vows again be true ;
In goodness' footsteps swear that you will tread,
And stand by those who are to love and justice wed.

DON'T ADVERTISE YOUR MOTHER'S FAULTS.

Don't advertise your mother's faults,—
No matter what you do—
While you can decency respect,
And to good sense be true ;
While you a grateful heart possess,
Or self-respect revere ;
While you desire to kindly act,
Or right to you seems dear.

Don't advertise your mother's faults, —
No matter when or where —
While you maternal love esteem,
Or fair play's colors wear ;
While you love what is just and pure,
Or kneel at honor's shrine ;
While you good-living's plums desire
To pluck from wisdom's vine.

Don't advertise your mother's faults
While you with goodness dwell,
Or wish your acts and words for truth
And righteousness to tell ;
While you would not your name disgrace,
Or play the part of fool ;
While you are not inclined to go
To scandal's foolish school.

Don't advertise your mother's faults, —
No matter what you say —
So long as you the golden law
Of nobleness obey ;
While meanness you refuse to please,
Or drink from its vile cup ;
While you with honor's faithful friends
Would not refuse to sup.

Don't advertise your mother's faults
While you a good name love,
While you, the gossip's low plane,
Desire to dwell above ;
While you believe in doing good,
Or mischief-breeding dread ;
While you respect your character,
Or walk with the well-bred.

A DUTIFUL SON.

A dutiful son, to-day, I swear
That I'll in future be,
And as dear mother daily prays,
From habits base, I'll flee ;
To mind more promptly, I shall try,
And daily strive to please ;
To profit from her good advice
While right with me agrees.

As I toward manhood daily grow,
I'll strive to progress make
In aught that tends to elevate
And bless, for mother's sake ;
I'll frown on what the vicious court
And shun low company,
And learn to love to walk with those
Who would from meanness flee.

Lo ! one so kind and good to me,
I quickly shall obey,
And do my duty, as I ought,
And with the thoughtful stray ;
As I, well-spoken of, would be,
And bear a worthy name ;
So I, alas ! shall not again
Her sense of honor shame.

I'll turn my back to foolishness,
And folly's haunts pass by,
As I, to keep my promises,
Shall not forget to try ;
To do, and live as mother would,
My leading aim shall be ;
To live on earth a Christian life,
And goodness' blessings see.

COUPLETS.

What, like good mothers' hearts, so sunny seems ?
Or with so many golden blessings teems ?

As mother-love, what can so tender be ?—
The love so prized by youth and infancy !

Lo ! for a child, who like a mother feels ?
Or at compassion's altars oftener kneels ?

TREAT MOTHER KINDLY.

All who believe in doing right,
And for the cause of justice fight ;
Treat mother kindly.

All who with kindness love to walk,
And at the door of mercy knock ;
Treat mother kindly.

All who ingratitude despise,
And thankfulness are known to prize ;
Treat mother kindly.

All who are prone to humble be,
And shun degrading company ;
Treat mother kindly.

All who believe in self-respect,
And are with virtue's colors decked ;
Treat mother kindly.

All who dislike to retrograde,
Or in the mire of sin to wade ;
Treat mother kindly.

All who are prone to rightly think,
And their welfare to goodness link ;
Treat mother kindly.

All who make others happy feel,
And, at the shrine of honor, kneel ;
Treat mother kindly.

All who delight to cheer and bless,
And be in touch with righteousness ;
Treat mother kindly.

THE BOOK MY MOTHER USED TO READ.

To night, a relic old, I'm conning o'er ;
A fond memento left for me
By mother dear, upon her dying bed,
Who I, in fancy, often see,
When in my lap, this precious boon I hold,
This friend in sorrow and in need ;
This never-fading treasure of my heart ! —
The Book my mother used to read.

The Book she conned so oft, in trying hours,
When troubles weighed upon her mind ;
Where, 'tween its old and well-worn lids, she
would
Sweet peace and consolation find ! —

The Book, when death some loved one called
 away,
 I've seen her saddest tears bedew ;
Then smile, and softly say: " We'll meet again
 When with life's changing scenes, I'm through."

The Book by rich and poor alike revered ;
 Which proves to be consoling in
The dying hour, and a firm staff to those
 Who would the wealth of glory win ;
Whose sweet, inspiring passages revive
 The fainting heart in dark despair,
And guide the ransomed soul to realms of peace,
 To Heaven above, so bright and fair.

When fears disturb the tranquil peace of life,
 And dismal doubts perplex my mind,
Oh ! then, may I within this Book of books,
 Like her, sweet peace and comfort find ;
When, round about me howl life's wintry winds,
 As in affliction's lonely hours ;
When trials would my fondest hopes destroy,
 Or rage misfortune's chilling showers.

So, long may I, this sweet memento prize,
 This fond remembrancer of one
Who on its pages found eternal life,
 And o'er grim death the victory won ;
So it my counselor will ever be,
 My friend in trouble and in need,
My comforter when sorrow comes—the Book
 My dear old mother used to read.

When doubting minds, unrestful, ever seem,
 And hardships would my faith destroy ;
In this beloved book, may I still find
 Refreshing peace and soothing joy ;

And, when at length the summons home, I hear ;
When I shall leave the friends I love,
Oh ! may it guide my trusting soul, at last,
To never-ending bliss above.

WILL MOTHER GREET ME THEN ?

When from the transient scenes of earth
My spirit speeds away,
Lo, to the realm of the unseen,
Above the light of day ;
When I have bade adieu to those
I love and venerate ;
Alas ! when the "pale messenger"
Hath sealed my earthly fate ;
Will mother greet me then ?

When I have bade farewell to pain,
To trouble, want and care,
And, with my fellow-men life's ills
And joys have ceased to share ;
When, to the unknown world I soar
On wings of faith and love ;
When I, the temporal works of time
Am pleased to dwell above ;
Will mother greet me then ?

When I have left a world of doubts,
Of questioning and trust,
Of storm and calm, and my remains
Are turning into dust ;
When I on my last journey start,
And I the port can see,
When, lo, a dweller I become
Of God's eternity ;
Will mother greet me then ?

MY MOTHER'S NATIVE TOWN.

Fair Hubbardston ! — my mother's native town —
I love to visit thee,
Which dwells beside Wauchusett's shady slopes,
In sweet tranquility—
When I, in balmy summer's gladsome time,
To thy fair greens do roam,
Where fond contentment finds a welcome warm,
And peace, a worthy home.

Thy cooling shades and calm retreats from care,
Thy pools and rippling rills,
Thy cultivated farms and orchards green,
And health-inspiring hills ;
Thy brooks and famous ponds and winding streams,
Dear to my heart shall be ;
For how can I forget the hallowed scenes
My mother loved to see ?

Where mother's childish feet were wont to rove,
How sweet it seems to tread,
To woo the pastimes of her girlhood days
And be to nature wed ;
To listen to the songsters of the dale,
And gather flowers wild ;
To bid adieu to trouble, pain and care,
And seem again a child !

Beneath thy broad and towering elms, I love
To sit and meditate
Upon thy annals and thy record fair,
And knock at memory's gate ;
For, as I muse, my mother dear returns,
And her sweet face, I see,
With ne'er-forgotten smiles and words of cheer,
So fondly dear to me.

All who, thy charming landscapes gaze upon,
Do prize and honor thee,
Who choose to live where health and comfort please,
But none, lo, more than me ;
So, to my heart thy name dost precious seem,
And daily 'll dearer grow
While to thy hills and dales, I love to roam,
When fragrant blossoms blow.

Thy churches, schools and industries
For right and honor stand ;
For who, lo ! more than thee, a good name loves,
In all our wide, wide land ?
Lo, where is righteousness more highly prized,
Or virtue more revered ;
Or upright living more esteemed, or deeds
Of evil oftener feared ?

Far from the city's noisome strife, in peace,
It is thy lot to dwell ;
Far from the vicious haunts of sin, that for
Iniquity dost tell ;
Far from degrading scenes and tempting wiles,
That strive, lo, to ensnare ;
That would thy brave and hardy sons corrupt,
And ruin thy daughters fair.

So long as I the name of mother, love,
I'll often think of thee ;
And, when the flowers of summer sweetest bloom,
Desire thy charms to see ;
So, dark or cheery be my future lot,
Though far from thee, I stray,
I'll not forget where one, I love so well,
First saw the light of day.

DEAR FATHER'S AND DEAR MOTHER'S
GRAVES.

Beneath the mouldering turf they rest in peace,
My father and my mother, dear ;
Yea, side by side, they gently sleep to-day,
The sleep which knows no joy nor fear ;
From trouble, pain and care, forever freed,
Their mortal forms in silence lay ;
As time rolls on to crumble into dust,
As earthly things must pass away.

The precious forms I knew, and loved so long,—
The forms so sacred to my heart —
Though, by the world, they now forgotten, rest,
Shall from my memory ne'er depart ;
The forms of father and of mother dear
Must ever hallowed seem to me,
For time, nor age nor death, cannot efface
The forms I never more shall see.

Nestled among fair Cheshire's granite hills,
To-day a prosperous city's seen,
Where industry and peace love to abide,
Upon the fertile plains of Keene ;
A cosy city, I shall ne'er forget
While I'm with sweet affection blest,
Whilst in her soil the bones — the hallowed bones
Of father and of mother rest.

To this fair city oft I'll wander back
When thinking of the friends I love,
In thought, to father and to mother dear,
Whose loving spirits dwell above ;

Back to their resting-place, when budding spring
Displays its gorgeous blooms, so fair,
Yea, when the grass is growing green upon
The sod love's brightest blossoms bear.

So may the birds, in summer's gladsome time,
More sweetly pipe their welcome lays ;
So may the flowers more lovely bud, in spring,
That I their charms may louder praise ;
So may fair Nature's breezes gently blow,
And howling winds be prone to sigh ;
So may the winter snow but lightly drift
Where father and where mother lie.

Here oft may I, by fond affection led,
With love and gratitude return,
From memories of the past, so fondly dear,
The living truths of life to learn ;
And here, where father and where mother rest,
May I now inspiration find,
To guide me o'er the battle-fields of life—
To bless and cheer my heart and mind.

WHEN DAISIES BLOOM ABOVE HER GRAVE.

When daisies bloom above her grave
I love to think and pray,
And to recall her kind advice
When I was wont to stray
O'er hills and dales, my childhood knew,
When life was joy to me—
The warning words that bade me from
The haunts of sin to flee.

When I, from troublous cares depart,
I love to linger here,
To think of one I'll ne'er forget—
The friend I most revere ;

In whom life's virtues brightly shone,
Whose counseling I heed ;
Who loved to walk in kindness' paths
And on God's word to feed.

I love to muse and grateful feel,
And think of one so dear ;
And, by her grave, to gently drop
Affection's sweetest tear ;
To bring to mind her kindly words,
That I so justly prize ;
To view again endearing scenes,
That in my memory rise.

The principles, so charged with truth,
She taught me when a child,
I love to ponder o'er, where hours —
Endearing hours, I've whiled ;
Which safely guide me day by day
Life's winding journey on —
And shall, till I have reached the clime
Where those I love have gone.

When sad and sorrowful I feel,
Lo, by her resting-place,
What joyous memories return !—
So full of love and grace ;
What telling thoughts for my welfare !
What soothing smiles, so sweet !
That I, alas ! on earth again
Shall hope, in vain, to greet.

While I the name of mother love,
And goodness I revere,
While I her memory shall esteem
And worth to me is dear ;
When daisies bloom above her grave,
I'll often wend my way
To where she softly sleeps, in peace,
To meditate and pray.

I'LL NE'ER FORGET YOU, MOTHER DEAR!

I'll ne'er forget you, mother dear !
Your tender love for me,
Your watchful care and charming smiles,
I love so well to see ;
The sleepless nights and trying days,
Your soothing words of cheer ;
Your sacrifices for my weal,
And sweet, endearing tear.

I'll not forget you, mother dear !
The songs you loved to sing ;
The stories that you oft would tell ;
The flowers you praised in spring ;
The birds you thought so beautiful ;
The gorgeous sunsets, rare ;
The sweet mementoes, dear to you ;
The clothes you chose to wear.

I'll not forget you, mother dear !
Nor what I owe to you ;
Your heart-felt prayers and loving thoughts ;
The trials you passed through ;
The ills that tried your patience so,
The hours of trying care ;
The heavy burdens that you did
For me, so gladly bear.

I'll not forget you, mother dear !
Nor fail to grateful be ;
But strive to live, as you desire,
And from dishoner flee ;
To daily think, lo, of your love,
That could so deeply feel ;
And, at the shrine of gratitude,
Be often seen to kneel.

MOTHER! I HAD A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD'S
HAPPY DAYS.

Mother! last night I dreamed, oh, such a dream
Of childhood's days gone by,
That I forgot that I was growing old,
And one I love was soon to die;
The old-familiar cot I saw again,
In which I often sung and played;
Where happy hours I spent with those I love,
That from my memory'll never fade.

CHORUS :

Mother! I had a dream of childhood's days,
Of happy seasons past and gone,
Of play grounds and of playmates dear down in
The country ville where I was born.
I dreamed again of old-familiar scenes,
Of pastimes and of golden hours
My childhood knew, when sweetly sung the birds,
And gaily bloomed the smiling flowers.

Once more, I roamed o'er summer's blooming fields,
And flowery hill-sides, bright and fair,
With dog and gun, as in the good, old days
When I was free from pain and care;
Upon the village-green I danced again
With merry lads and lasses sweet,
With playmates that I never more shall see,
Who once I dearly loved to greet.

Beside your knee, I knelt again to pray,
And felt your loving good-night kiss,
And heard you sing the songs of long ago,
When life was full of joy and bliss;

The stories that my childhood loved to hear,
I listened to attentively ;
And lo, as in the good, old days of yore,
Your loving smiles was pleased to see.

I saw again the play grounds of my youth,
The brook, the mill-pond and the stream,
Where, in the golden summer time, I sought
The spotted trout that used to teem ;
I saw the self-same hills of former days,
The hills I climbed in coasting time,
When crusted o'er with winter's glistening snow,
And I was in my childhood's prime.

THE MOSS-GROWN COT, MOTHER !

Our moss-grown cot again I see —
My childhood's happy home —
Near by the verdant fields where oft
My careless feet did roam ;
The cot I loved when I was young,
How still to-day it seems !
But, as of old, upon the pane
The summer sunshine beams.

REFRAIN.

The moss-grown cot—to memory dear—
My childhood's happy home,
Near to my heart will always be
Wherever I may roam.

Again, I hear the self-same jokes
My father used to tell
When summer smiled or winter frowned—
The jokes I loved so well—

When in the evening I sat near
The hearthstone's genial fire —
My only brother by my side
Arrayed in plain attire.

Methinks I hear again a voice
That often solaced me,
Ah, yes! in fancy I behold
Life's dearest friend to me;
Whose loving smiles come back again,
As in bright days of yore,
Like rays of joy that in my heart
Will live forevermore.

I see the morning-glories bloom
Beside our old front-door,
While on the gate the robin sings,
And swallows skim and soar;
Though far away I'm dwelling now,
The little moss-grown cot
That sheltered me in childhood's days
Will never be forgot.

NOW, I AM FAR AWAY FROM HOME,
MOTHER!

Now, I am far away from home, mother!
From my dear, native land,
Far—far from old associations dear,
On a far distant strand;
As in the joyous seasons of the past,
I love to think of you,
Of one so fondly precious to my heart—
So loving, kind and true.

Now, I am far away from home, mother !
In fancy, oft I see
Your genial smiles, my childhood loved so well—
The smiles so sweet to me—
And, often in mild evening's tranquil hours,
Your pleasant voice, I hear—
Reminding me of happy days of yore,
Of scenes to memory dear.

Now I am far away from home, mother !
From those who wish me well,
From scenes that never'll from my memory fade,
From where I love to dwell ;
Your touching prayers in my behalf,
I heed, and daily strive to live
A worthy life ; and, to the cause of right,
My heart and influence give.

Now I am far away from home, mother !
Your old arm-chair I see,
As when, by it, I loved to stand to hear
You read explicitly,
Sweet passages from God's fair " Book of Life,"
To comfort, bless, and cheer,
When with the wings of thought, I fly
To one to me so dear.

Now I am far away from home, mother !
No friends like you, I find
In storm or calm, so welcome to my heart,
So pleasing to my mind ;
No care like thine ; no love so sweet and pure ;
No heart so fondly dear ;
No friend so faithful, kind and true — so prone
To shed affection's tear.

Now I am far away from home, mother !
From where I used to dwell,
Ay, far from kindred, friends, and native land,
From those I love so well ;
Your kindly wishes and your good advice
Will ne'er forgotten be,
While I love worth and gratitude, and you
Are all this world to me.

THE MODEL MOTHER.

A woman who discreetly walks,
And with good sense abides ;
That dost a kindly heart possess,
And with uprightness sides ;
Who loves to labor for the young,
And feels for infancy ;
Who on vile habits wisely frowns,
And from disgrace would flee.

Who prizes what is just and good,
Uplifting, pure and true ;
That to her Maker prays, and loves
A noble deed to do ;
Who rather seeks for goodly traits
Than for repulsive flaws ;
Who through the fields of virtue roams,
And speaks for its fair cause.

Who fairly strives to nobler grow,
To live as justice would ;
Who ne'er becomes a slave to greed,
But labors to do good ;
Who never utters vulgar slang,
Nor dares to rudely act ;
But loves to be a faithful friend
To prudence, sense and tact.

Who cares, lo, for her husband's weal,
And loves to faithful be ;
Who cultivates a kindly way,
From pride and boldness free ;
Who loves to be compassionate,
To feel for pain and woe ;
Who daily, in her home, is wont
Contentment's seed to sow.

Who, in her daily conduct, strives
To act consistently ;
And never lists to scandal's tales,
Nor would with gossips be ;
Who finds enough to do at home,
And ne'er is meddlesome ;
Who shuns cold-heartedness, and ne'er
To pity's cry is dumb.

Who strives to be in touch with truth,
With love and righteousness ;
Who daily tries to nobler live,
And toward perfection press ;
Who would grow better hour by hour,
And wisdom's laws obey ;
So, on the stage of life, she can
A part worth acting play.

MY MOTHER, DEAR ! OUR HOME LESS
PLEASING SEEMS.

My mother, dear ! our home less pleasing seems,
For your sweet face no more
Is seen since your mild spirit upward soared
To Heaven's eternal shore ;
The kindly spirit of the dearest friend,
On earth, I ever knew ;
As I, alas ! can never hope to find
A friend so dear as you.

Your watchful care and faithful counseling,
I never can forget
While to ingratitude I pray
That I'll ne'er be in debt ;
For who on me, like you, so sweetly smiled,
Or talked so soothingly,
In darksome hours — with pain and sickness
fraught—
When boisterous was life's sea?

Though my indebtedness to you, in life,
I never can redeem,
To love to walk with the upright, I can,
And your dear name esteem ;
To kneel at kindness' shrine and wisely act,
And play a worthy part ;
To be a friend to nobleness of mind
And tenderness of heart.

At home, oh ! who can fill a mother's place,
Or like a mother love ;
Or sacrifice so oft for those o'er whom
She never feels above?
Who will life's weaknesses so gently chide,
Or faults of youth forgive
So willingly ; with whom, though rich or poor,
One loves so well to live?

The lessons learned beside your knee
I'll ne'er forget, I know,
And when your kindly deeds I ponder o'er,
The tears of love will flow ;
When I, in thought, your sweet, sweet face can see,
And hear you softly speak ;
When I, in meditating on the past,
Shall joy and profit seek.

So, when the charms of summer's balmy time
Appear, I'll oft be seen
Beside your little mound—to me so dear—
When grass is growing green ;
And there, as in the home you loved so well,
My sweetest thoughts of you
Shall be ; with whom I hope to dwell, when with
Life's earthly scenes I'm through.

HOW SAD I FEEL SINCE MOTHER PASSED AWAY !

How sad I feel since mother passed away,
Since from our cosy home
Her gentle spirit soared to realms above,
In paradise to roam !
Since by her dying bed one day, to me
She bade her last farewell ;
Since she gave me her parting kiss
Where she so loved to dwell.

Now I, lo ! in her old accustomed haunts,
Her presence sadly miss,
Where love and happiness were prone to cheer,
When life was joy and bliss ;
For, like a mother, who can love and feel
For those she calls her own ?
So who, alas ! to-day, can wonder why
I feel so sad and lone ?

To me, no kindly words she'll speak again,
For silent is the tongue
That made our home so joyous seem, when songs
I loved to hear, she sung ;
Who gave such soothing words of sympathy
In trying hours, to cheer,
When pain and sickness came to visit me,
To make my lot seem drear.

In future, I shall strive to live
As she desired I should,
And honor her unfading memory
By loving to do good ;
If I would with the wise and worthy walk,
And do as she taught me ;
If I would venerate her hallowed name,
And more of sunshine see.

Now she is dead and gone, I thank her for
Her love and kindly care,
Ay, for her lively interest in my
Advancement and welfare ;
For all she loved to do in my behalf,
Who always was so kind,
Affectionate and good — her like
How can I hope to find ?

So as I slowly journey to the tomb,
I'll often think of her,
Who, as none others can, down in my heart
Love's sweet emotions stir ;
Of one, whose place at home can ne'er be filled,
Who I shall meet again
When I from transient scenes have passed—for whom
My love can never wane.

NOW, MOTHER DEAR BENEATH THE DAISIES RESTS.

Now, mother dear beneath the daisies rests,
Of her, oh ! often think ;
Of one who nobly strove, to righteousness,
Your daily deeds to link ;
Who as none others can, for you, once felt,
In tender years of yore,
When you so needed love and sympathy
From her maternal store ;

Of one who prayed so earnestly for you,
That you would wisely live,
And for the cause of noble-mindedness
Your time and money give ;
Who taught you to look down on evil deeds,
On all that's base and low ;
So you might rather love the golden seeds
Of right and truth to sow.

Oh ! see that from your mind her teachings ne'er
Shall be allowed to roam,
While you revere and love the hallowed names
Of mother, God, and home ;
While in the footsteps of the wise and good
You wish to daily tread ;
While you would be to all that elevates
And is ennobling, wed.

Resolve that you will keep her memory green,
And all her precepts heed ;
And in the company of the upright,
In worthy living, lead ;
And, as she taught you to, be on your guard,
Lest you your name disgrace ;
That you may more successfully in life
Its difficulties face.

Now far away, her gentle spirit dwells,
And you no longer see
Your dearest friend, oh ! harder strive
From folly to be free ;
Stand for the right, and on injustice frown,
If you would honor her ;
And, never to gain power or glittering gold,
Right-living wish to slur.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

Mother ! to-day our home less cheery seems,
For your loved form I see
No more — the form of a true friend, who was
So kind and good to me ;
For whom my love will never die, for one
So loved, so prized and true ;
For I shall strive in vain to find a friend
So fondly dear as you.

When I, lo ! for your footsteps list to hear,
How sad and lone I feel !
When I, in meditating on the past,
At sorrow's altars kneel ;
For, like a mother, who can love and please,
Or feel so tenderly
For those whom she is interested in —
Whom she is pleased to see ?

Your loving care and words of good advice,
I never shall forget
While I love gratitude, and, on true worth
My mind and heart are set ;
For who so sweetly smiled in sunny hours,
Or talked so soothingly
In dreary days, or when pale sickness came,
Who did so much for me ?

Though my indebtedness to you, I know
On earth, I'll ne'er redeem,
To walk with those who nobly live, I can,
And righteousness esteem ;
To kneel at kindness' shrine, and on life's stage
To act a useful part ;
To be in touch with nobleness of mind,
And kindliness of heart.

Your interest in my weal I'll oft recall,
With deeds you wrought for me,
Your kindly wishes and solicitude,
And words of sympathy ;
For I shall never find a friend, I know,
So pleasing, kind and true ;
So faithful, or so genial to my heart,
My mother dear ! as you.

Your sweet maternal name will dearer grow,
And ne'er forgotten be ;
But, as life's fleeting moments softly pass,
More precious seem to me ;
For, by fond recollection's hallowed ties,
Your heart is linked to mine,
And, daily, love that never changes, will
It's tendrils closer twine.

So, when the fragrant blooms of spring are seen,
To your green grave I'll stray,
And on your resting-place, with gentle hands,
Love's sweetest garlands lay ;
And noble resolutions form, to strive
In your footsteps to tread,
And, as I slowly journey on, to be
To worth and justice wed.

And when, at last, my journey here is o'er,
And I have bade adieu
To those I love — to scenes my memory woos —
And I, with time, am through ;
Then, mother dear ! oh, may I meet again
On Heaven's celestial shore,
Where farewell's tears and partings are unknown,
To dwell forevermore.







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